

ODDS AND ENDS,

&c.

BY ROBERT SWEENEY.

"I PRINTED—OLDER CHILDREN DO THE SAME."

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

MONTREAL:

JAMES AND THOMAS A. STARKE.

MDCCCXXXVI.

F 37382

July 25, 1950

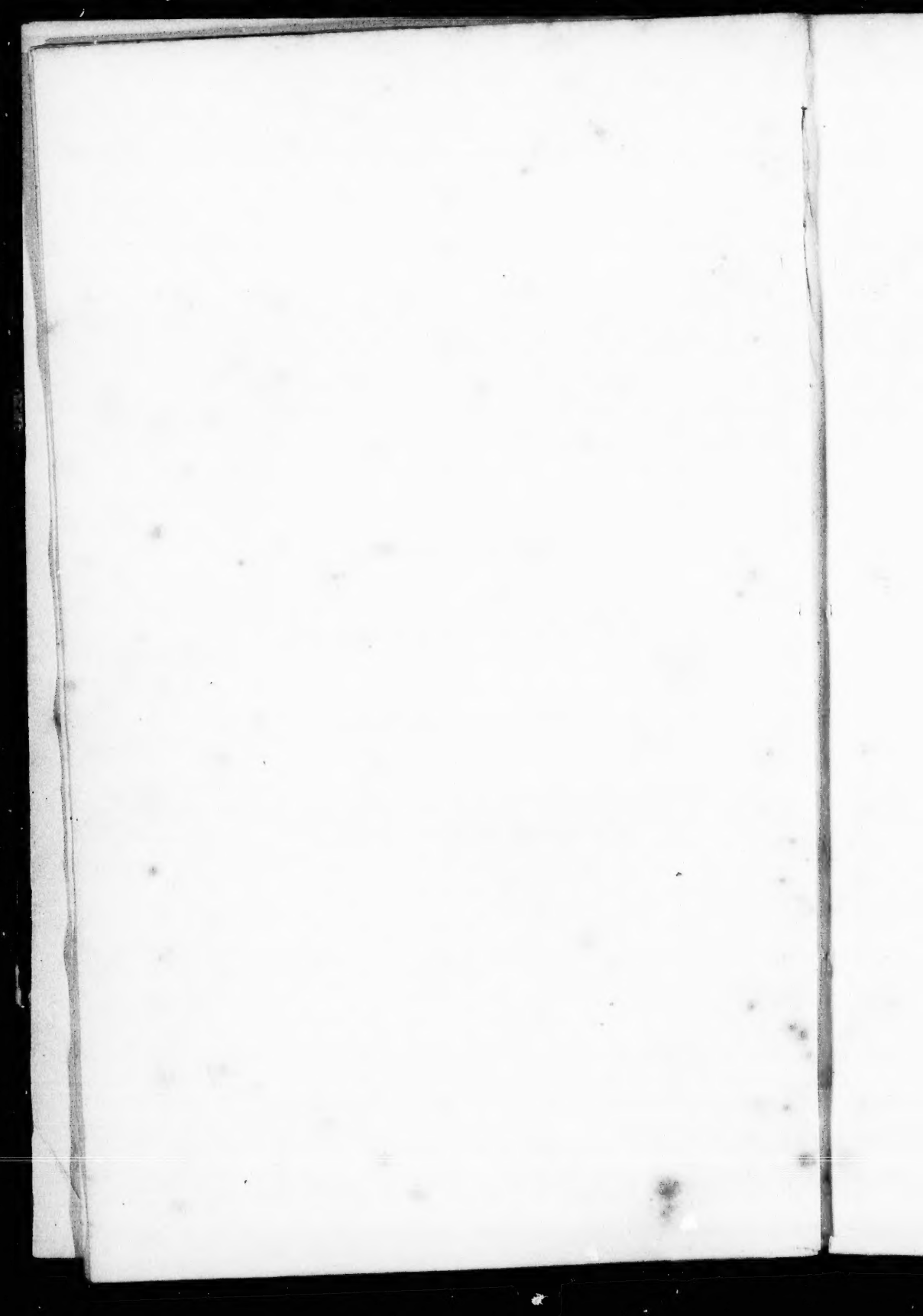
TO

THE HONORABLE

HENRY DILKES BYNG,

CAPTAIN, ROYAL NAVY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED, AS A SMALL,
BUT SINCERE TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM.



ODDS AND ENDS.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Written off the Coast of Ireland, 1818.

LAND of my youth—that, far away,
Amid the wave's commotion,
Now glances to the sun's last ray,
A speck upon the ocean—
Land of my youth, where'er I roam,
What lot soe'er assigned me,
Still, still I'll love the Stranger's home,
And the Girl I left behind me.

At evening, when, with richest dye,
 The God of Day is setting,
 How can I look on the western sky,
 The Isle of the West forgetting !
 And when I view morn's glowing streak,
 Of what shall it remind me,
 But the rosy blush that o'erspreads the cheek
 Of the Girl I left behind me ?

Swift bounds our ship—the favouring breeze
 Blows stronger now and stronger ;
 And now the keen-eyed seaman sees
 My native hills no longer.
 Oh Erin, when—life's struggle o'er—
 Near man's long rest I find me,
 My parting breath shall bless thy shore,
 And the Gir! I left behind me.

L A N D.

It was a gallant ship
From England's coast that sailed ;
But tedious was the trip,
And every store had failed.
No hopes of life were given,
No rescue was at hand ;
Each eye was fixed on Heaven,
Each heart on Land.

Nor longer toiled the crew—
But some sat pale with grief ;
And some half listless grew,
Impatient of relief.
Some raved in wild despair ;
Some stood by fear unmanned ;
Some gazed on vacant air,
And muttered, Land.

There sprang a gentle breeze
 As daylight died away,
 And through the glowing seas
 The vessel cut her way.
 With hopeless breast aloft
 The seaboys took his stand,
 And o'er the waters oft
 Looked out for Land.

But long it mocked his gaze,
 Till, through the starless night,
 The beacon's warning blaze
 Burst on his ruptured sight.
 Loud, loud the urchin cried,
 As the blest ray he scanned ;
 And the faint crew replied,
 Echoing, Land.

Oh, how that shout arose,
 Soft, sweet, amid the gloom !
 It spoke of balm to woes,
 Deliverance from the tomb.
 Grief, doubt, despair and fear
 Forsook the joyous band,
 As, with a grateful tear,
 They welcomed Land.

HOME.

WHEN far from thee, my native Isle,
Along the Diamond-Cape I roam,
Though grand the scene—my heart, the while,
Loves best the heath-clad hills at home.

And when upon that bright Cape's side
I view the great Saint Lawrence foam,
My heart prefers the simple tide
That laves its pebbly bed at home.

QUEBEC.

HERE'S TO THE EYE OF SPARKLING BLUE.

HERE'S to the eye of sparkling blue,
 Here's to the breast with feeling warmed ;
 The cheek as blooming, the heart as true,
 As Man e'er worshipped, or Heaven e'er formed.
 Here's to the auburn locks that twine
 Their ringlets around thy brow of snow ;
 And here's to the magic glance of thine,
 That can heighten pleasure or banish wo.

They may tell us of planets with moons more bright,
 And suns more splendid than those we have here ;
 But while stars like thee illumine our night,
 Oh, who could wish for a brighter sphere !
 They may say that Man is the child of grief,
 But never shall we such charge allow,
 When from Fortune's scowl we can seek relief
 In the smile of beings so pure as thou.

They may preach that by penance alone, and by fast,
Must the soul from the dross of this world be refined ;
But 'twere folly to suffer regret for the past,
To tarnish the moments still left behind.
Then be ever as now, nor let sorrow fling
Its cold cloud o'er thee while youth's thine own ;
Remember, life's roses, like those of spring,
Will wither the soonest when fullest blown.

TO CLIO.

If now my nights be void of rest,
 They were not always spent in care ;
 If now affliction rule my breast,
 It did not always rankle there.

There was a time—long, long ago—
 When my bright moments seemed to fly ;
 But now they move so dark and slow,
 They almost pause in passing by.

There was a time when free I ranged
 Through life's serenest paths—but now
 All, all who loved me once are changed,
 And all have fled but only Thou.

Well, they may change—nor shall the pain
I else might feel, affect my heart,
If Thou, amid the wreck, remain
Dear, pure and bright as now Thou art :

Dear as the beam that shines to save—
Pure as the evening's parting light—
Bright as the sparkles on the wave,
When all around is clothed in night.

I LOVE HIM NOW NO MORE.

HE vowed for me alone to live,
 He swore to love me, and deceived ;
 I knew 'twas folly to believe,
 Yet, like a lover, I believed.
 But I have felt his perfidy,
 And I have proved how false he swore ;
 No more his vows have charms for me,
 I love him now no more, oh no,
 I love him now no more.

Should chance, at times, across my way
 The footsteps of th' inconstant guide,
 I turn in haste, lest I betray
 The feelings which I fain would hide :

For still unconsciously I sigh,
And still my cheek is crimsoned o'er ;
I watch him with admiring eye,
But love him now no more, oh no,
I love him now no more.

Here is the billet, kept with care,
In which he called me first his love ;
And here, the little braid of hair
Which once, in playful mood, I wove.
How soon those moments passed away !
Oh, could they wear, as once they wore,
Their smiles but for a single day—
But no—I love no more, oh no,
I love him now no more.

REMEMBEREST THOU OUR MORNING SKY.

REMEMBEREST thou our morning sky,
 Ere storms had overcast,
 When each new sun that flitted by
 Seemed brighter than the last :
 When, though some clouds might gather there,
 And though some drops might flow,
 Still those were not the clouds of care,
 Nor these the drops of wo ?

Oft do I muse, with fond delight,
 On all that cheered me then,
 And, in the shadowy dreams of night,
 Live o'er those days again :
 And oft in memory's glass, as now,
 Thy passing form I see ;
 As sweet thy smile, as calm thy brow
 As they were wont to be.

And as I gaze, and dread to part
 With what is fancy all,
 Oh, many a sigh would rend my heart,
 And many a tear would fall—
 But that so true thy charms appear,
 'Twere pity, ere they die,
 To stain the mirror with a tear,
 Or dim it with a sigh.

Peace be to thee, who shinest far
 Above the vulgar crowd,
 As yonder solitary star
 O'er every passing cloud !
 Peace be to thee—may Virtue's rays
 Long, long thy path adorn,
 And may the evening of thy days
 Be pure as was their morn !

LOVE AND THE SWALLOW.

WHEN summer foliage glitters,
 And summer suns are bright,
 The Swallow round us twitters,
 And sports him in their light :
 But when the blast has o'er them past,
 And summer suns grow dim,
 Away he flies to brighter skies—
 'Tis summer still with him.

And Love is like the Swallow—
 When Beauty's brow is gay,
 Her glittering train he'll follow,
 And sport him in the ray :
 But when the frost of age has crost
 The splendour of her eyes,
 He spreads his wings, and off he springs
 In search of brighter skies.

Those summer suns reburning
Will gild the landscape o'er ;
The Swallow, then returning,
Will twitter as before :
And will not Love, where'er he rove,
To gain his cage endeavour ?
No, no—when he once wanders free,
Good-bye to him for ever.

ADIEU.

ADIEU to thee, so fond and fair ;
 Adieu to thee for whom alone
 This breast could beat, but it must bear
 The trial firmly as thine own.
 Adieu to thee, so fond and fair,
 'Tis peace of mind which bids me shun thy view ;
 Adieu, adieu.

Adieu—perhaps for life we part—
 Adieu—perhaps for but a day ;
 And still shall friendship rule the heart
 Which love for thee must never sway.
 Adieu—perhaps for life we part—
 Till thou the flame that wastes us canst subdue,
 Adieu, adieu.

Adieu—I speak it with regret—

Adieu—my pen has traced the word ;

My soul was wavering even yet,

When from my lips its doom was heard.

Adieu—I speak it with regret,

But I must fly from these dear scenes and you :

Adieu, adieu.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

LESS constant than the wind or wave,
For these their proper limits have,
The stream of Time rolls on ;
The wind resumes its former track,
The wave flows in its channel back,
But Time's for ever gone.

Why ponder then on future ill,
Or dream of past enjoyment still ?
Let's taste the present hours ;
And if this world, as sages say,
Be but to other worlds the way,
Let's strew the way with flowers.

THE PILGRIM RETURNING FROM MECCA'S SHRINE.

THE Pilgrim, returning from Mecca's shrine,
Still bears to his home away
Some relic to keep, by its power divine,
His footsteps from turning astray;
But not the richest display of art,
Nor the rarest relic could be
More dear to that Pilgrim-Wanderer's heart,
Than this lock of thy hair to me.

The seaman, whose ship for a moment veers
From the track of her destined shore,
But looks to the star, by which he steers,
And it leads to his course once more:
So, should I forget thee an instant, and e'er
Withdraw me from Virtue then,
I'll but look on this simple tress of thy hair,
And turn to her paths again.

TO MARY.

OH Mary, life has been, dear,
 A waste since last I met thee ;
 And all that I have seen, dear,
 But makes me more regret thee.
 While round me flies the social bowl,
 And all its mirth and glee, love,
 I turn aside, with sickening soul,
 To think on home and thee, love.

When morn's first beam is breaking
 Upon the eastern billow,
 From frenzied dreams awaking,
 I leave my restless pillow ;
 But ah, from memory's pangs away
 In vain I strive to flee, love ;
 Where'er I rove—by night, by day—
 My thoughts are all on thee, love.

Oh Mary, ere we parted,
 Nor grief nor care had known me ;
 But now, sad, broken hearted,
 Even thou mightst well disown me.
 Though thousand beauties meet my eye,
 Yet what are they to me, love ?
 Unpraised, unmarked, I pass them by—
 My thoughts are still on thee, love.

I've been upon the ocean
 When every wave was sleeping ;
 When with slow, sluggish motion,
 Our bark her way was keeping :
 I've seen the tempest's dreaded form,
 Dark brooding o'er the sea, love ;
 And in the calm, or 'mid the storm,
 My thoughts were all on thee, love.

How swift the hours seemed winging
 When sweet affection bound us ;
 Each day, each moment, bringing
 The friends we loved around us !
 Those friends are far—those days are gone—
 And gone, no more to be, love ;
 But still, while Time rolls darkly on,
 I think on them and thee, love.

ANACREONTIC.

I wish to live, remote from strife,
 A life of ease and pleasure;
 So strove to find what sort of life
 Affords the greatest measure.
 I asked th' opinion of my friends,
 Love, Bacchus, and Apollo;
 But each a different course commends,
 And which do you think I follow?

Love bids me pay my homage still
 To Beauty night and morning;
 And Bacchus hiccups "drink thy fill,
 A fig for Woman's scorning!"
 Apollo hints that nought but song
 The wings of Time can cripple;
 So, just to please them, all day long
 I love, and sing, and tipple.

ANACREONTIC.

GIVE me wine and give me love,
 What can rank those joys above ?
 When the heart grows cold to bliss,
 How shall we its fire renew ?
 Warm it then with Woman's kiss,
 Bathe it with the Goblet's dew.
 Give me wine and give me love,
 What can rank those joys above ?

Give me love and give me wine,
 Both are dear and both divine ;
 This can rouse us--that can tame—
 Lover, toper, time about,
 With the one I raise a flame,
 With the other put it out.
 Give me love and give me wine,
 Both are dear and both divine.

TALK NOT OF PARTING YET.

TALK not of parting yet,
While rapture holds its sway ;
Nor tinge those moments with regret,
That flit so swift away.
There's not a cloud, to-night,
Betwixt us and the moon ;
And the stars are bright, thy path to light,
Then wherefore part so soon ?
Talk not of parting yet,
But let us, while we may,
The cold, unfeeling world forget ;
'Tis ne'er too late to say,
Adieu.

Talk not of parting yet,
While every thought is bliss ;
Oh, why should Time his limits set
To hours so sweet as this !
There's not a zephyr near
To chill thy gentle brow ;
Nor can thine ear a murmur hear,
Save his who whispers now,
Talk not of parting yet,
But stay—one moment stay—
'Twere better never to have met
Than thus so soon to say,
Adieu.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

I stood where commenceth the Christian's pride,
And the world's poor pageant closeth ;
Where prince and peasant lie side by side,
And foe with foe reposeth.

I stood at the grave—the grave where lay,
By its kindred earth-worms courted,
The dust of him, who, but yesterday,
In life's gayest sunbeam sported.

With fame as spotless, and spirit as light
As the plume on his helmet dancing ;
And wit as keen, and honour as bright
As the steel from his scabbard glancing.

And fast fell the tears of vain regret
For the true and the gallant-hearted,
As I thought on the hour when first we met,
And the moment when last we parted.

The moon, from cloud to silvery cloud,
 O'er the azure vault was stealing,
 With softened charms from beneath her shroud
 Her pure, pallid form revealing :

So the Vestal beams, when—a stranger nigh—
 She drops, with reluctant duty,
 The veil which shadows her flashing eye,
 But which cannot conceal its beauty.

And still as she passed, and her ray so bright
 She threw where the warrior lay sleeping,
 She seemed to my fancy a spirit of light,
 Her watch o'er the dear turf keeping.

Peace to thine ashes, young, generous, brave—
 Fallen in the prime of thy glory !
 Thy country's sorrow will hallow thy grave,
 And thy name shall live in her story.

OH, DINNA TURN AWA'.

OH, dinna turn awa',
 And leave me thus to pine ;
 My cot, my gear, I'd barter a'
 For ae sweet smile o' thine.
 Though lairds hae sought thy han',
 We should na therefore part ;
 For lairds may offer mair o' lan',
 But nae sae true a heart.
 Then dinna turn awa'.

Thine e'e will lose its power,
 Thy cheek will lose its hue ;
 Thy laird will seek a fairer flower,
 And bid thee, love, adieu.
 Though humble as my sang,
 I boast a purer flame ;
 For years hae passed—may pass along—
 Thou'lt find me aye the same.
 Then dinna turn awa'.

SAY NOT LIFE IS A WASTE OF GLOOM.

SAY not life is a waste of gloom,
 Where no stars break forth, and no flowerets bloom.
 If the stars that have lighted
 Thy path, be gone ;
 If the flowers be blighted
 That round the shone ;
 Come then, dearest, come unto me,
 I'll be the stars and the flowers to thee.

Say not love in thy soul is o'er,
 And friendship never can charm thee more.
 If the voice that could waken
 Love's thrill, be at rest ;
 And if death have taken
 The friend of thy breast ;
 Come then, dearest, come unto me,
 I'll be the lover, the friend to thee.

ISABEL.

THE sword was sheathed—the war was o'er—
 And soon, beyond the western main,
 Again I trod my native shore,
 I breathed my native air again.
 I reached my own beloved bower,
 Where every flower possessed a spell
 To bind my heart, for every flower
 Reminded me of Isabel.

The roses still as brightly bloomed
 As when mine eye beheld them last ;
 As sweet the violet perfumed
 The wings of Zephyr as he passed ;
 The streamlet flowed as softly now
 As in those days remembered well ;
 The very breeze that fanned my brow,
 It seemed to breathe of Isabel.

And where was she?—I saw her not—

Alas, I ne'er can see her there !

Time, which had spared that fairy spot,

Had blighted all that made it fair.

For this, for this the world I spurned,

And bade its once loved scenes farewell ;

On Heaven alone my thoughts are turned,

My heart is still with Isabel.

NAY, DREAM NOT THAT TIME CAN
UNRIVET.

NAY, dream not that Time can unrivet
The chains which Affection hath twined ;
Or that Love, like the vane on its pivot,
Will twirl with each changeable wind.
Though sundered and sad we move on, love,
Yet heart still is coupled to heart ;
And the bonds but the firmer are drawn, love,
The further we journey apart.

The beacon is dear to the seaman,
Which guides him across the dark sea ;
And liberty's dear to the freeman,
But thou art still dearer to me.
Thine accents of peace, wert thou nigh, love,
Like balm on my spirit would fall ;
Not a cloud should then darken my sky, love,
Thy kind glance would scatter them all.

Some breasts are like sand in the river,
 Where every form we may trace,
 While as quickly its ripples for ever
 The short lived impressions efface :
 But mine's like the stubborn rock, love,
 Engraved with *one* image so fair;
 And the surge and the tempest's rude shock, love,
 But stamp it indelibly there.

The last ray the setting sun darted,
 How brightly it gilded the plain !
 Even now, though that sun is departed,
 The tints of his splendour remain.
 And thus o'er my memory shone, love,
 Thy last parting beams of regret ;
 The planet which shed them is gone, love,
 But their mild halo lingers there yet.

Then dream not that Constancy falters,
 If distance be measured between ;
 Or that Love, little innocent, alters
 His plume with the altering scene.
 Oh no—for where'er we move on, love,
 Still heart is united to heart ;
 And the links but the firmer are drawn, love,
 The further we journey apart.

'TIS NOT WHEN THE BROW IS BRIGHT.

'Tis not when the brow is bright
That the heart is still more light ;
'Tis not when 'tis clouded o'er
That the heart still feels the more.

Tears may flow,

Though not of sadness ;

Smiles may glow,

Though not of gladness ;

There are sweetest joys which lie

Far too deep for other's eye ;

There are keenest pangs of wo

None, but they who feel, can know.

THE MOON IS TRAVELLING THROUGH
THE SKY.

THE moon is travelling through the sky,
Without a cloud to dim her path ;
A thousand lamps are lit on high,
And each a mimic rival hath
In the clear wave reflected bright ;
Oh, often, when, on such a night,
I've floated o'er its breast, and gazed
Upon the star that o'er me blazed,
And then, in pensive mood, have turned
To that which far beneath me burned—
I've thought the one was like the beaming
Of promised joys, still brightest seeming ;
The other, twinkling through its tears,
Like memory of departed years.

TOUJOURS FIDÈLE.

TOUJOURS Fidèle, the warrior cried
 As he seized his courser's rein,
 And, bending over his weeping bride,
 He whispered the hope, which his heart denied,
 That they soon might meet again :
 And fear not, he said, though the wide, wide sea
 Betwixt us its billows swell ;
 Believe me, dearest, thy knight will be
 To France and to honour—to love and to thee,
 Toujours Fidèle.

Then proudly her forehead that lady rears,
 And proudly she thus replied—
 Nay, think not my sorrow proceeds from fears—
 And the glance which she threw, though it shone through tears,
 Was the glance of a soldier's bride.
 Not mine is the wish to bid thee stay,
 Though I cannot pronounce, "farewell;"
 Since glory calls thee—away, away—
 And still be thy watch-word on battle day,
 Toujours Fidèle.

One moment he gazed—the lingering knight—
 The next, to the field he sped:
 Why need I tell of the deadly fight,
 But to mark his fate?—for his country's right
 He battled—and he bled.
 Yet he died as the brave alone can die—
 The conqueror's shout his knell;
 His sleep was the slumber of victory—
 And for her whom he loved his latest sigh,
 Toujours Fidèle.

WHY SHOULDST THOU THINK MY HEART
IS CHANGED.

WHY shouldst thou think my heart is changed ;
 Why shouldst thou say I love thee not ?
 Can love like mine be e'er estranged ;
 Can truth like thine be e'er forgot ?
 Have I not still, through wo and weal,
 Watched o'er thee with a brother's care ?
 Hadst thou a grief I did not feel,
 Have I a joy thou dost not share ?
 The subject of my nightly dream,
 The burthen of my waking thought ;
 By night, by day, my constant theme—
 How couldst thou think I loved thee not !

For thee, when brightest flowers I meet,
The blushing garland still I twine;
Whene'er my lips their song repeat,
The name they murmur still is thine:
And when my pencil seeks to trace
Some angel form, beneath its touch
Still spring to life that fairy grace,
Those features I have loved so much.
I mourn thee absent—feel, when near,
A rapture none can rank above;
If this be not to love thee, dear,
Oh, tell me what it is to love!

SHE IS GONE TO THE PLACE OF HER REST.

SHE is gone to the place of her rest,
 Where sorrow can reach her never ;
 She is flown to the realms of the blest,
 She is lost to our view for ever.
 Her dust hath returned to the earth,
 Ere the canker of age decayed it ;
 And, pure as it came at her birth,
 Her spirit to Him who made it.

There riseth no marble fair
 O'er her grave, its memorial keeping ;
 But for her who repositeth there
 Still many an eye is weeping.
 There needeth no idle stone
 To tell of the worth that hath perished ;
 On our hearts 'tis engraven alone,
 Where her memory long will be cherished.

THE ROSE THAT BUDS AND BLOOMS.

THE rose that buds and blooms
Beneath the summer ray,
If winter spread its glooms
Must droop and fade away :
So health, and wit, and power,
And beauty fade away ;
But ah, unlike the flower,
They have no second May.

Then hoard, ere youth be spent,
Those inward charms refined,
Which, like the rose's scent,
Will still remain behind :
Undying, undecayed,
Will still remain behind ;
Such charms can never fade,
They flourish in the mind.

SACRED MELODY.

OH Lord, Thou hast searched my ways,
And hast watched o'er my nights and my days,
And Thou knowest, ere my tongue can impart,
The innermost thoughts of my heart.
Whither can I turn for a spot
Where Thy presence, Thy spirit is not !

If to Heaven's high courts I repair,
Or to Hell's lowest depths—Thou art there.
On the wings of the morn if I flee
To the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there will Thy guidance be found—
Thy providence compass me round.

Should I say, "I'll in darkness abide,
 For surely the darkness can hide,"
 Around me Thy sunshine shall play,
 And the night shall be bright as the day;
 For oh, to Thine *all*-piercing sight
 Alike are the darkness and light.

But wherefore, my God, should I try
 From the light of Thy presence to fly?
 'Tis to Thee my existence I owe,
 And the joys from existence that flow;
 And 'tis Thou that prolongest my days—
 Oh, let them be spent in Thy praise!

PENSÉES.

EVILS surround thee from thy birth,
Vain Man—thine hours how few they be !
To-day, thou coverest the earth,
The earth, to-morrow, covereth thee.

TIME blots out benefits, alas,
While injuries his power withstand ;
The latter we record on 'brass—
The former register in sand.

WHERE ARE THE KINGS OF FORMER
TIMES.

WHERE are the Kings of former times,
The Conquerors of the earth,
Who stained the sceptre with their crimes,
Or graced it with their worth?

Where are they now?—the hand of Death
Has crushed them in their pride;
Their power departed with their breath—
They lived—and they have died.

SACRED MELODY.

Not unto us, oh Lord, but Thee,
 From whom our various blessings flow,
 Let praise and glory ever be,
 Throughout the wondering worlds below.

Thou reign'st unrivalled and alone—
 No arm to stay, no power to bind;
 Earth for Thy footstool—Heaven Thy throne—
 The clouds Thy car—Thy paths the wind.

Thine is the sun that flames on high,
 The moon that sheds her milder light,
 And Thine those brilliants of the sky
 That sparkle on the brow of night.

Thine are the tenants of the stream,
The bird whose note all nature thrills,
The insect sporting in the beam,
The cattle on a thousand hills.

Then not to us of mortal frame,
Not unto us be songs of praise,
But Thee, unchangeably the same,
The Ancient of Eternal days.

'TIS LONG SINCE WE HAVE MET.

'Tis long since we have met, my dear,
 And longer seems to be ;
 But ne'er can I forget, my dear,
 Our love's wild infancy ;
 The joy, the grief, the hope, the fear,
 That marked the varied hours, my dear,
 Which I have spent with thee :
 And never can I feel again
 Rapture like that which thrilled me then.

But though our dream be o'er, my love,
 Our transient dream of bliss ;
 And though we meet no more, my love,
 In such a world as this—
 Still Faith points fervently above,
 And bids us trust that there, my love,
 Is perfect happiness,
 Beyond the reach of human thought ;
 A home where sorrow enters not.

Then from my eyelid thus, my sweet,
I dash away the tear ;
O'erjoyed that yet for us, my sweet,
Such brightening hopes appear ;
That yet, in purer worlds, shall meet
The happy souls of those, my sweet,
Who were the fondest here :
And, freed from every earthly care,
Shall live and love for ever there.

THOUGH THE COLD HAND OF SICKNESS.

THOUGH the cold hand of sickness thy pale brow hath crost,
 And thine eye, for a moment, its splendour hath lost,
 Soon health to thy cheek shall its freshness restore,
 And that eye, with new lustre, shall sparkle once more.

Yes, the spring-time of health may thy beauties renew,
 But he who now sorrows to bid thee adieu,
 Shall never again, with fond triumph, descry
 The bloom of thy cheek, or the light of thine eye.

Oh, his path may be rude—and in far-distant clime
 He may wander unblest—but the finger of Time,
 Though from Memory's page it aught else should erase,
 There deeper and deeper thine image shall trace.

And still all thy power shall that image retain,
To share in his welfare or solace his pain ;
And still when arises his incense of prayer,
At morn or at even, thy name shall be there.

And when Death from this dark world may bid him depart,
Oh, let him but whisper in peace to his heart
That the friend whom it loved—whom it cherished—is blest,
And calm and contented 'twill sink to its rest.

YOUNG LOVE, ONE EVE, WITH BOSOM LIGHT.

YOUNG Love, one eve, with bosom light,
 His skiff for Pleasure's isle did steer ;
 The sky above was clear and bright,
 And the wave beneath was as bright and clear.
 His polar star was Woman's eye—
 His zephyr was Woman's balmy sigh—
 And the mists, that hovered around erewhile,
 Were scattered by Woman's rosy smile.

He sailed till, on the waters blue,
 Appeared an isle of the purest green ;
 When a squall o'er the face of the waters flew,
 And the blooming isle was no longer seen.
 Then his polar star denied its ray—
 His balmy zephyr sped away—
 And the rosy smile, that had lured him on,
 With the star and the zephyr, alas, was gone.

Around him whistled the gathering gale,
The night-bird screamed as it passed him by ;
Rent from his mast was the silken sail,
And his veins were chilled by the wintry sky.
The wave flung aloft its foamy wreath,
And the boat and the pilot were whelmed beneath ;
No eye to pity—no arm to save—
So the billow of Passion was young Love's grave.

FILL UP THE BOWL.

FILL up the bowl—since we ne'er can recover

The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,

Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're over,

And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.

Oh, who could refuse, while such nectar gushes

From our rose-circled vases, its sweetness to sip?

Those roses as bright as a maiden's blushes,

That nectar as rich as the dews of her lip.

Fill up, fill up—since we ne'er can recover

The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,

Let us smile at our sorrows as soon they're over,

And taste of our pleasure : as long as they last.

Blest are we now, but we know not whether

This freshness of heart on the morrow may bloom ;
Life's shadows and lights are so blended together

That the brightest of hours have their portion of gloom.
The world's cold, withering frown may banish

Each feeling which now sheds a balm o'er the mind ;
The hue of health from our cheek may vanish,

And leave but the furrow of care behind ;
Yet fill, fill up—since we ne'er can recover

The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,
Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're over,
And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.

Brightly the stars now sparkle above us,

Yet soon may a cloud obscure their ray ;
Sweet are the smiles of those who love us—

Soon may those smiles be far away.
But who, when no cloud is gathering o'er him,

Dreams that the tempest yet may lower ?
Who, with a bowl like ours before him,

Casts a thought on the parting hour ?
Fill up, fill up—since we ne'er can recover

The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,
Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're over,
And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.

MY COUNTRY.

SHE pledged her faith, she broke the plighted vow,
And there is nothing left but to forget her ;
'Twas but with her that Life was sweet—and now
Not long will Death permit me to regret her.
My Country, thou shalt be my only bride,
Thou wilt be true, though all are false beside.

New oaths shall bind me soon, not those of love ;
And if a fickle girl could once deceive me,
Now, while my Country's banner waves above,
Glory, at least, will never, never leave me.
My Country, thou art now my only bride,
Thou wilt be true when all are false beside.

ANACREONTIC.

Look round—whate'er you can desery
Has use as well as beauty ;
The Sun that frolics through the sky,
The Earth herself, and even I
Have each our separate duty.

Dear Wine, thou source of all our glee,
Whatever some may think thee,
That Earth was made thy nurse to be—
That Sun was made to ripen thee—
And I was made—to drink thee.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well—fare thee well,
 Now and for ever ;
 Those billows that swell
 Soon our pathways shall sever.
 Light be thy breast,
 May peace long attend it ;
 No cares to molest,
 And no sorrows to rend it.

Oh, friends, when they're near,
 May be dear to our bosom,
 But are never so dear
 As the moment we lose 'em :
 And still we descry
 In the far-distant lover,
 Some virtue which, nigh,
 We could never discover.

Thus then—while afar,
 Unloved and unloving,
I rove, with no star
 To smile on my roving—
When treading, alone,
 The bowers where I've met thee,
Thus think thou of one
 Who can never forget thee.

DEAR MARY, CHECK THAT RISING SIGH.

DEAR Mary, check that rising sigh,
 And chase those threatening clouds of care ;
 So fair thy cheek, so bright thine eye,
 'Twere pity clouds should gather there.
 And blame me not if I have roved,
 For still, where'er my heart might pine,
 It loved—nay, hear me—only loved
 The charms which most resembled thine.

When Lucy heard me softly speak
 The tale which told my heart was won,
 Though warm the roses on her cheek,
 'Twas not her cheek I thought upon.
 But then her smile—oh, who could say
 That smile was not the most benign !
 I loved her, dear—nay, hear me, pray—
 Because that smile resembled thine.

When Chloe saw me at her feet,
 Although her breast and virgin brow
 Might shame the hue of mountain sleet,
 It was not these that made me bow.
 But then her eye—and such an eye—
 No wonder it attracted mine !
 I loved her, dear—nay, hear me why—
 Because that eye resembled thine.

When Fanny led me next aside,
 Laughing at the mischief which she made,
 Though auburn locks were Fanny's pride,
 I cared not for each sunny braid.
 But then her lips—to see them pout—
 Who would not think those lips divine !
 I loved her, dear—nay, hear me out—
 Because those lips resembled thine.

And thus, you see, in every change,
 While, zephyr-like, from bower to bower,
 Through Beauty's garden I could range,
 I ne'er forgot my favourite flower.
 Then blame me not, though I have roved,
 But with a kiss my pardon sign ;
 For when I loved, I only loved
 The charms which most resembled thine.

I'D WISH TO BE.

I'd wish to be the careless bird,
Enamoured of its cage, whose lay
At morn, like fairy music heard,
Chaseth thy dream of love away.
I'd wish to be the matin beam
Which prints its first kiss on thy cheek,
As, half-awakened from that dream,
The conscious blushes o'er it break.
I'd wish to be—I'd wish to be
Whate'er is near or dear to thee.

I'd wish to be the simple flower
 That breathes its perfume through thy hair;
 I know 'twill wither in an hour,
 But oh, how blest to wither there!
 I'd wish to be the dew-drop clear
 That wets thy brow from every leaf;
 Or, purer still, the sacred tear
 That trickles for another's grief.
 I'd wish to be—I'd wish to be
 Whatever may belong to thee:

I'd wish to be the summer gale
 That fans thy bosom with its sigh,
 Stealing beneath the modest veil
 Which screens thy charms from every eye.
 I'd wish to be the limpid wave—
 I'd wish to be the bowered retreat;
 In *that* your snowy limbs you lave,
 In *this* repose from noontide heat.
 I'd wish to be—I'd wish to be
 Whate'er can give delight to thee.

IF YOU LOVE, DEAR, OH BREATHE NOT
A WORD.

If you love, dear, oh breathe not a word,
Lest your lips should the secret unfold ;
In a sigh it should only be heard,
By a glance it should only be told.
For there's more in an eloquent sigh
Than the softest of accents can tell ;
And there's that in the glance of an eye
Which no language can utter as well.
Then look from thy lattice, my love,
In the moonbeam thy form let me see ;
And send, from that lattice above,
The sigh and the glance down to me.

If you love, dear, oh trace not a line,
Lest your pen should the passion betray ;
To a blush its avowal consign,
By a smile the sweet transport convey.
For there's more in a bright-blushing cheek
Than the readiest pen can indite ;
And the smiles which Love's message bespeak
Are brilliant as letters of light.
Then look from thy lattice, my love,
In the moonbeam thy form let me see ;
And send, from that lattice above,
The blush and the smile down to me.

W O M A N.

OH Woman, thou star of our lonely sphere,
 How dear is the light of thy love !
 It leads us onward to glory here,
 And guides us to peace above.
 Though the world were bright as Poets sing,
 Yet its brightest spot would be
 More dark than the Angel of Terror's wing,
 If it were not illumed by thee.

Who hath not listened in ecstasy
 To the soul-melting harps of air ?
 The ruder the winds that o'er them stray,
 The sweeter the sounds they bear.
 And it is thus with Woman still—
 When penury's blast comes o'er
 The chords of her heart, it but makes them thrill
 With a truer tone than before.

Whate'er be their knowledge, we envy not
 Those cold, philosophical elves
 Who can pore o'er their volumes, and trace their lot
 In planets as cold as themselves.
 More precious the page, and more bright the skies
 Which the fate of us, Poets, impart ;
 Our only black-letter's thy tell-tale eyes—
 Our elysium—wherever thou art.

Let statesmen wrangle, and warriors bleed
 To win an immortal fame ;
 They may shine for a moment, but 'tis their meed
 To perish—aye, even in name.
 Away with ambition—still be it mine,
 Unvexed by its cares and wiles,
 To proffer my homage at Woman's shrine,
 And bask in the heaven of her smiles.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN morning's first ray beamed
 And brightened all the plain,
 Each floweret smiled, each songster seemed
 To pour his sweetest strain.
 I thought how, free from woes,
 We once were quite as gay,
 And quite as blithe our morning rose—
 My ain auld Robin Gray.

At noon, this scene so bright
 Was changed—for dark clouds lowered;
 The lightning winged it's rapid flight,
 The wintry torrent showered.
 Oh, fleetly thus, cried I,
 Our morning passed away;
 Thus darkened was our noontide sky—
 My ain auld Robin Gray.

When evening came, less loud
 The dying tempest blew ;
 And spots of sky, 'twixt every cloud,
 Were seen of azure hue.
 Thus Pleasure's sun, which hath
 So long denied its ray,
 Now shines upon our evening path—
 My ain auld Robin Gray.

By night, the storm was gone,
 The wave had sunk to rest ;
 The trembling beam reflected shone
 On ocean's tranquil breast.
 Oh thus, cried I, in peace
 May our night pass away ;
 And thus may all our sorrows cease—
 My ain auld Robin Gray.

FANCY NOT, DEAR, I CAN E'ER FORGET.

FANCY not, dear, I can e'er forget

Thy smile in the beauties that round me I see ;
My heart, for a moment, may wander—but yet

It returns still the fonder, the truer to thee.

The cheeks of our maidens are blooming with youth,

And the brightest of eyes in our firmament shine ;
But those cannot match the pure blushes of truth,

Nor these the intelligent lustre of thine.

Then fancy not, dear, I can e'er forget

Thy smile in the beauties that round me I see ;
My heart, for a moment, may wander—but yet

It returns still the fonder, the truer to thee.

Oh, what were the landscape displayed to our sight,
Though rich as the pencil of Nature e'er drew,
Were it not for the sunbeam that pierces its night,
And calls forth each slumbering beauty to view ?
'Twould lightly be held—and as lightly we prize,
Though aided by all which the heart might control,
The fairest of cheeks, or the brightest of eyes,
If they be not lit up by the beams of the soul.
Then fancy not, dear, I can e'er forget
Thy smile in the beauties that round me I see ;
My heart, for a moment, may wander—but yet
It returns still the fonder, the truer to thee.

OH, THIS IS LOVE.

Oh, this is love—warm, faithful love—
 Which never knows decay,
 But still, where'er our footsteps rove,
 Adorns and lights our way.
 Which blooms alike in wo and weal,
 As fearlessly and well;
 Which only fondest hearts can feel,
 And those who feel can tell.

Unchanging as the flame that glows
 In breasts of seraph birth;
 And spotless as descending snows,
 Ere stained by touch of earth;
 And bright as yonder arch above,
 As yonder beacon true;
 Oh, this is love—warm, faithful love—
 The love I bear to you.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING LOCH DOON.

FAREWELL, "Bonnie Doon"—I have gazed on thy lake,
 When it lay as if hushed in the stillness of death;
 I have seen thy young stream o'er the precipice break,
 As it bounded along through the glen of Berbeth.
 I have watched thee, with breast like a mirror so bright,
 Alternate reflecting the shadow and ray;
 Now shrouded in gloom, and now sporting in light,
 Till you melted at length into ocean away.

Like thy lake was my infancy—tranquil and mild—
 As unruffled my breast, and as cloudless my sky;
 Like the strength of thy rivulet—passionate, wild—
 Have the days of my boyhood swept heedlessly by.
 May the close of my course be as placid as thine!
 May the beams of forgiveness thus over it play,
 To illumine its track and to cheer its decline,
 As it melts in Eternity's ocean away!

ADELE.

OH, long have I loved my Adele,
 And her heart paid me still in return ;
 Till now she has bid me farewell,
 Though fondly as ever I burn.
 I wish to despise her neglect—
 I wish to become as untrue ;
 I wish—but whene'er I reflect,
 I forget what I wished to do.

I wish from her presence to fly ;
 I wish to remember no more
 My love, or the treachery
 Of her whom I once could adore.
 I wish—and if *she* were not near,
 Some other, perhaps, I *might* woo ;
 I wish—let Adele but appear,
 I forget all I wished to do.

On my ear when her soft accents break,
They add to my trouble and pain ;
In vain I endeavour to speak,
I sigh, and in silence remain.
I wish, when I'm far from her spell,
That, like her, I could cease to be true ;
I wish—but when near my Adele,
I forget what I wished to do.

CUISHLA MA CHREE.

WHEN in youth's sunny prime,
 Thoughtless and free,
 Nature in every clime
 Burning to see—
 Erin, I left thy shore,
 Roaming each region o'er,
 'Twas but to love *thee* more,
 Cuishla ma chree.

What though on foreign soil
 Hapless I be !
 Still doth it sweeten toil
 Thinking of thee.
 And when Life's ebbing sand
 Points out its close at hand,
 Once more I'll seek thy strand,
 Cuishla ma chree.

Thus yonder Orb of Day
Eastward we see,
Gild with his morning ray
Mountain and lea;
But, at the hour of rest,
Still turns he tow'rd the West,
Seeking thy peaceful breast,
Cuishla ma chree.

SWEET STREAMLET.

SWEET streamlet, flowing on thy way,
How much my lot resembles thine !
Thou from thy course dost never stray,
And I am constant still to mine.

How silently thy waters glide !
As silently my moments move ;
How pure the crystal of thy tide !
As pure for Emma is my love.

The storms, that vex the prouder wave,
Thy humble current ruffle not ;
So I the storms of Fortune brave—
They pass me by, and are forgot.

When Emma wanders near to thee,
 Thy breast reflects the portrait fair ;
 Look into mine, and thou wilt see
 Her form as truly pictured there.

Thou hast no deep, deceitful place,
 And I no deep, deceitful art ;
 The bottom of thy bed we trace,
 And read the bottom of my heart.

Thy waters still, with gentle force,
 Flow onward to their goal—the main,
 Till Winter's power arrest their course,
 And bind them with its icy chain :

So flow my hopes unceasing on—
 My Emma's love their only goal ;
 So will they flow till Life be done,
 And icy Death arrest my soul.

WHEN FIRST WE MET.

WHEN first we met—when first we met—
 In ringlets curled thy jetty hair ;
 And Sorrow's tear had never wet
 Thy cheek, to stain the roses there.
 But roses there no longer blow,
 And blanch'd are now those locks of jet ;
 For Sorrow's tear hath learned to flow
 Since first we met—since first we met.

When first we met—when first we met—
 Thine eye was like the Falcon's bright ;
 And Care had never dared to set
 His seal upon thy brow of light.
 Those eyes, so dim and wasted now,
 Their former power almost forget ;
 And Care hath furrow'd o'er that brow
 Since first we met—since first we met.

When first we met—when first we met—

Thy heart could feel another's grief;

And feels it not as warmly yet,

As warmly glows to grant relief?

It does, it does—that generous tear—

Then why thy fleeting charms regret,

Since thou art still as truly dear

As when we met—when first we met!

THINK NOT, DEAREST.

THINK not, dearest, that my love
 Is but light and ranging ;
 Every change it soars above,
 In itself unchanging.
 Sorrow may my heart depress,
 Pleasure may elate it ;
 This can ne'er my love increase—
 That shall ne'er abate it, dear,
 That shall ne'er abate it.

When our prospects bode no ill
 Then may love seem weakest ;
 But 'tis strongest, purest still
 When our hopes are bleakest ;

As those meteors, which illum
Heaven's horizon nightly,
From amid the deepest gloom
Sparkle forth most brightly, dear,
Sparkle forth most brightly.

And as age but makes the vine,
Whose young tendrils wander
Round the sapling's stem, entwine
Fonder there and fonder—
So my breast for thee retains
The *first* love that bound it;
Time can only twine the chains
Still more firmly round it, dear,
Still more firmly round it.

TO MY CARRIER-DOVE.

"On Saint Valentine's eve every true Knight will dream of his Lady-love, and every Lady of her true Knight; moreover, they will whisper from their sleep the names of the persons so dreamed of."—*ESSAY ON DREAMS.*

AWAY, away, my Carrier-Dove,
 Thy lord's behest to bear;
 To-night, Love rules below, above,
 Around and every where.
 The youth will dream, with pure delight,
 Of the maid whom he loves so well;
 And th' unconscious maid will reveal, to-night,
 What, to-morrow, she'd blush to tell.

Away, away, my Carrier-Dove,

Nor stay thy snow-white wing,

Till you reach the couch where my own dear love

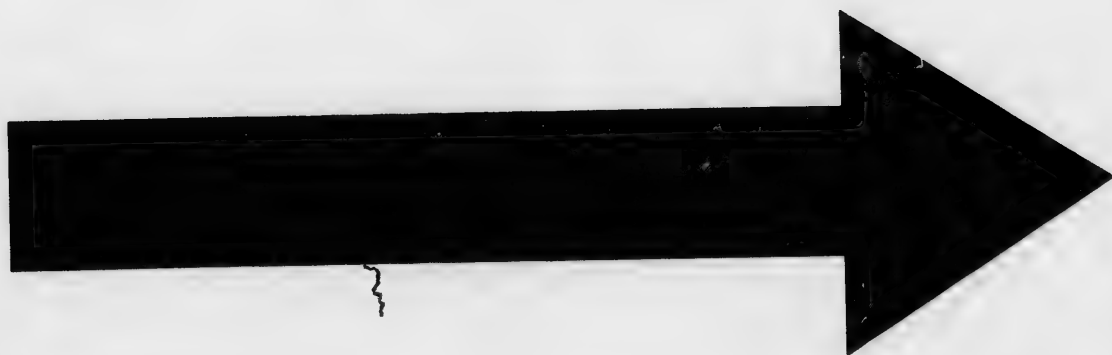
Lies sweetly slumbering.

And when, from amid her tranquil rest,

She breathes to Saint Valentine

The name of him whom she loves the best,

Oh, list if she whisper mine !



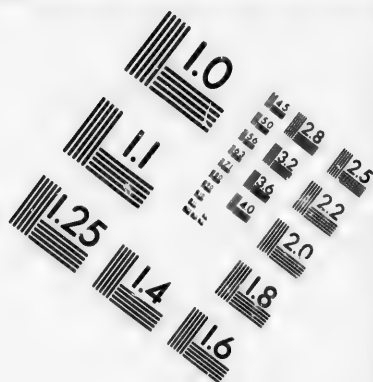
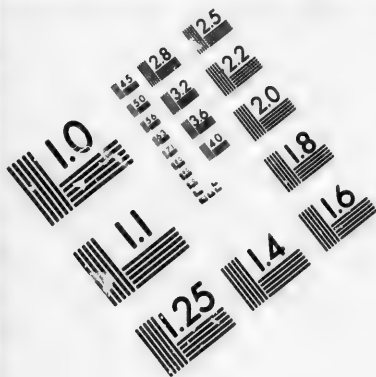
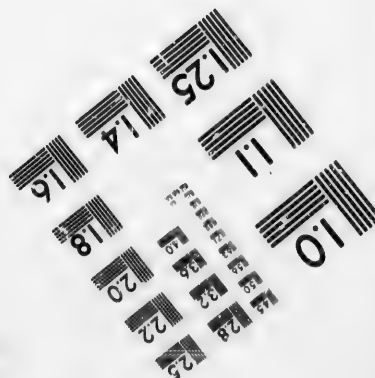
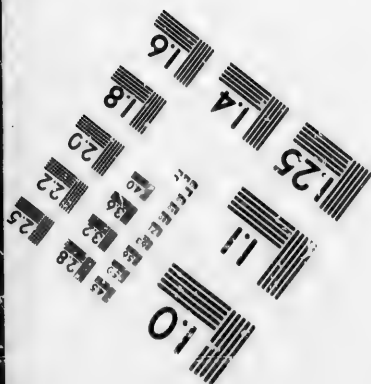
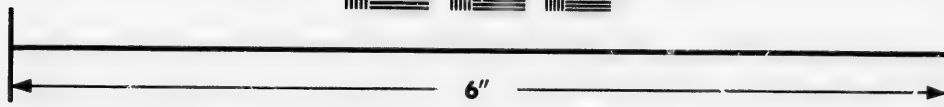
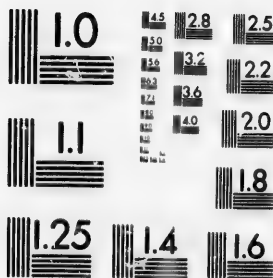


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WHEN THE POOR PILGRIM, BENT WITH
PAIN.

WHEN the poor Pilgrim, bent with pain,
Foresees his parting moments nigh,
He seeks to reach that sacred fane
Which heard his earliest vows—to die.
He stops not in his path—though there
The brightest flowers their sweets display ;
Though richest altars court his prayer
He turns not from his constant way ;
But, worn with toil, and weak with fast,
And wasted by meridian fires,
He gains the sacred fane at last,
And, bending at its shrine, expires.

Thus I; whose course of joy is o'er,
Have sought, ere life be spent, to bow
Before that spotless shrine once more
Where first I breathed my morning vow.
Though altars, that might well have vied
Even with mine own, around me shone,
My heart hath never turned aside;
But, restless still, I've wandered on,
Till now, in all its pomp divine,
The wished-for fane at length I see;
And, lowly bending at its shrine,
Breathe forth my soul, adoring thee.

I SAW TWO YOUNG ROSE TREES.

I SAW two young rose trees, that waved in the blast,
 Their briars and their blossoms so fondly entwine ;
 I saw them, the moment the tempest swept past,
 Part coldly for ever, nor seem to repine.

And I thought of the hearts that had flourished like them,
 And, like them too, in wo had united their frame
 As closely as if they had sprung from one stem—
 Their joys, and their hopes, and their sorrows the same :

Yet, soon as Adversity's trial was o'er,
 Had parted as widely, as coldly as those ;
 Forgotten each tie that had bound them before,
 And from dearest of friends become rankest of foes.

And I could not but marvel that they, whom the hour
Of peril had moved not, thus calmly should part ;
But it is not the tempest that cankers the flower,
And it is not affliction that changes the heart.

No, the flowret will live through the cold dews of night,
And bloom forth at morning, more blushing and fair ;
But if noon pour around it its fulness of light,
It will pine on the stem, and lie withering there.

And the soft joys of Pleasure that breast will disarm
Which had never been quelled by Adversity's fears ;
As the mist, that, unshaken, has weathered the storm,
By the first gleam of sunshine is turned into tears.

TO _____.

If ever yet a gleam of mirth
From my sad bosom banished
The cares which bow it down to earth,
To you alone it owed its birth,
And oh, with you it vanished.

So, while the summer sunbeams play
Upon some darkling river,
It warmly flashes back the ray ;
But if the beam be turned away,
The tide is dark as ever.

LOVE BLOOMS UPON THY CHEEK SO FAIR.

LOVE blooms upon thy cheek so fair,
 And sparkles in thine eye ;
 He wantons in thy flowing hair,
 And breathes in every sigh.
 He gives thy voice its melting tone,
 He gives thy mien its grace ;
 But in thine icy heart alone
 He never finds a place.

I'll bow no more, as I have done,
 At shrines so cold the knee ;
 I'll sing no more of love for one
 Who will not list to me.
 Thus, thus for ever do we part—
 And thus I break the chain
 Which once you bound around my heart,
 But ne'er can bind again.

WHEN THE BEE NEGLECTS TO SIP.

WHEN the Bee neglects to sip
 Sweets from every floweret's lip ;
 When the golden child of day
 Turns her from the worshipped ray,
 Then farewell to thee, dear ;
 But, till Bees no longer rove,
 And till sun-flowers cease to love,
 Faithful will I be, dear.

When the breeze that o'er her blows
 Wafts no perfume from the rose ;
 When the Minstrel of the shade
 Pours not forth his serenade,
 Then farewell to thee, dear ;
 But, till rosy odours fail,
 And till mute the Nightingale,
 Faithful will I be, dear.

When the Dove, with anxious breast,
Broods not o'er her downy nest;
When the crystal stream no more
Mirrors the o'erhanging shore,

Then farewell to thee, dear;
But till then—through joy and wo,
Winter's chill and summer's glow,
Faithful will I be, dear.

THE DAYS ARE GONE.

THE days are gone—for ever gone—
Ere Fancy taught my heart to rove ;
When the pure flame that led me on
Was kindled at the shrine of Love.
When Nature wore her brightest smile,
And Pleasure knew of no alloy ;
When every breast was free from guile,
And every cheek was flushed with joy.

I mingled with the careless throng,
I sported in th' enlivening ray ;
To Love I tuned my matin song,
To Love I breathed my vesper lay.
Bright eyes and sunny looks were there,
And cheeks unsullied by a tear ;
My heart acknowledged all were fair,
Yet only one of all was dear.

And can I ne'er those hours renew,
 Life's sweetest hours? and is there none
 To love as thou wert wont to do,
 To cheer as thou wouldst now have done?
 No—life is but one dull, dark night
 Of clouds and misery—for thou,
 Brightest of all that made it bright,
 Even thou hast set in darkness now.

And faithful Memory—while she grieves
 At the review of wasted years,
 And casts her weary glance o'er leaves
 Deformed by blots, or stained with tears—
 Turns fondly to that sacred spot,
 That page, from stain or error free,
 Which tells of moments ne'er forgot,
 Of love, and happiness, and thee.

Of thee and love too wild to last—
 Oh, tell me not that beams, which flow
 From memory of pleasure past,
 Can shed a light o'er present wo.
 Alas, those very beams, instead,
 But make our present gloom the worse;
 When joy is flown and hope has fled,
 Then even memory proves a curse.

To feel that Beauty once has blest
The heart she ne'er can bless again ;
That Pleasure's cup has once been prest
To lips that now are parched with pain ;
That every dear and cherished bliss
Has vanished like a morning dream ;
When Memory teaches only this,
How sweet were Lethe's fabled stream !

THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN, to the Graces' wondering view,
Young Love, one day, unfolded
The portrait of that form so true,
Which his own hand had moulded :
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, Thalia cries,
That air so arch and simple ;
Aglaia claims the laughing eyes,
Euphrosyne the dimple.
But Love who, with a roguish smile,
Had listened to each stricture,
Thus spoke, their claims to reconcile—
It is my Julia's picture.

OH, TRUER IS THE COURTIER'S TEAR.

OH, truer is the Courtier's tear
 Shed o'er a fallen Tyrant's bier ;
 Truer the praises Poets sing,
 Or sighs, or vows—or any thing
 Above, below—divine or human—
 Than Woman—fickle, faithless Woman.

Turn from her sparkling orbs of blue,
 And gaze not on her cheek's soft hue ;
 Within, no lights of Genius spring,
 No mental rose is blossoming.
 So Day's warm beams may gild the tomb,
 And sweetest flowers around may breathe,
 Yet can they not impart their bloom,
 Their spirit to the dust beneath.

Fly from her smile—though bright and warm,
 'Tis false as sunbeam 'mid the storm.
 When the pure, transient gleam is gone,
 More darkly rolls the tempest on ;
 And thus, when Woman's smile is o'er,
 Her frowns grow darker than before.

And though her bosom seem to be
 The dwelling-place of purity,
 Yet feeble there is Reason's ray,
 And Passion holds unbounded sway.
 So Etna rears her smiling crest,
 And seems all hushed in sweet repose,
 While, pent within her raging breast,
 The quenchless flame for ever glows.

Then rather trust the Courtier's tear
 Shed o'er a fallen Tyrant's bier,
 Or praise that hireling Poets sing,
 Or sighs, or vows—or any thing,
 Above, below—divine or human—
 Than Woman—fickle, faithless Woman.

AH, WHEREFORE REPROVE.

AH, wherefore reprove
My words of love,
And whisper thus, "fie for shame," my dear;
If shame there be
In adoring thee,
You have none but yourself to blame, my dear.
Or why should your cheek
Such anger bespeak?
I ask but the *loan* of a kiss, my dear,
And I know that thou art
Too tender of heart
To deny such a trifle as this, my dear.

The Zephyr of Spring
 Still scents his wing
 From the rose-bud he passes o'er, my dear ;
 And steals, as he flies,
 Her balmy sighs,
 Yet the floweret is sweet as before, my dear.
 And so, with ease,
 If Beauty please,
 From the lips where such treasures are left, my dear,
 Can Love purloin
 The richest coin,
 And no one discover the theft, my dear.

Then keep not thus
 Such a terrible fuss,
 Nor torture your sweet little mind, my dear,
 With the idle fear
 That, if lips come too near,
 Some trace may be left behind, my dear.
 But pray incline
 Your cheek to mine,
 There's nobody nigh to see, my dear ;
 You'll never miss
 The borrowed kiss,
 And oh, 'twill be precious to *me*, my dear.

LADIES, GOOD-BYE.

LADIES, good-bye

To your arts and wiles ;

No longer care I

For your frowns or smiles !

Gone are the days

When Woman could sway me ;

When a smile could raise,

Or a frown dismay me.

In vain, as of old,

Love's torch brightly shineth ;

Or his bands of gold

The little God twineth

In vain Pleasure layeth

Her toils around me ;

Or Beauty displayeth

The charms that once bound me.

Unheeded they kneel,
And unheeded they warble ;
My breast is of steel,
And my ears are of marble.
So, Ladies, good-bye
To your arts and wiles ;
Little care I
For your frowns or smiles !

MADRIGALS.

I WOULD have begged of Love to be
 The bearer of my vows to thee,
 But that I feared the treacherous elf,
 When he had once beheld thine eyes,
 Would have forgot my tears and sighs,
 And wooed thee only for himself.

OH no, I will never love more—
 I swear as I've sworn before ;
 Since vanity, pride, caprice
 In the most of thy sex are met ;
 Since one never could live in peace
 With a prude or a pert coquette ;
 Oh no—I have argued it o'er—
 No, no, I will never love more—
 Any but thee, Lisette.

TRIOLETS.

SISTER Graces, among you three
 To which shall I my heart surrender ?
 Little of choice is left to me,
 Sister Graces, among you three—
 Each has her claims—my love must be
 Of temper mild, and of soul most tender ;
 Sister Graces, among you three
 To which shall I my heart surrender ?

To guard her flock and guard her heart
 Is too much for a Shepherdess ;
 'Tis no such very easy part
 To guard her flock and guard her heart ;
 When swains assail the one with art,
 And wolves with force the other press,
 To guard her flock and guard her heart
 Is too much for a Shepherdess.

EPITAPHS.

ON A LAWYER.

READER, there sleeps, beneath this stone,
 A Lawyer, and an honest one ;
 If thou hast e'er been doomed to know
 The plagues with which a lawsuit's tainted,
 Draw near and o'er him vent thy wo ;
 But if, perchance, thou'rt unacquainted,
 Pass on—pray Heaven to keep thee so.

ON DR. _____.

OUR Doctor's gone, but, ere he went,
 He kept us *in terrorem*,
 And half the neighbourhood he sent
 To clear the way before him.

ON A SCOLD.

HERE rests in death, thank God, my wife,
 A thing she never did in life ;
 'Twere needless, reader, to repine—
 She takes *her* ease and gives me *mine*.

ON A BON-VIVANT.

ON downy wings my years flew on,
 Years of pleasure
 And years of whim ;
 Till Death vouchsafed to think of one,
 Who never found leisure
 To think of him.

EPIGRAMS.

IN VINO VERITAS.

TRUTH, says the proverb, 's in our cup,
 And Truth should be the search of youth ;
 So, while I quaff my nectar up,
 I'm only searching after Truth.

GREECE.

GREECE, though in these, our latter ages,
 So vaunted for her learned schools,
 Could only number *seven* sages—
 How rich she must have been in fools !

HEART AND BODY.

To a Lady who had stolen the former.

It is not right old friends to part,
 And these we well may call so ;
 Then, Lady, give me back my heart,
 Or take my body also.

ÆNEAS.

WHEN he, the prince of Ilium, as we read,
 Snatched from the flames the author of his life,
 Heaven strove to recompense the generous deed—
 He saved his father, and he lost—his wife.

THE RING.

THE ring you gave—that simple ring
Might well thine emblem be ;
No gems around it glittering
In proud array we see :

But all is modest to the sight,
Yet sterling in degree ;
As virtue, pure—as honour, bright—
Like thee, my love, like thee.

TO JULIA.

LITTLE Love, in his wantonness playing,
To lodge in my breast was beguiled;
And Venus, alarmed at his straying,
Now offers a kiss for her child.

Shall I give up the boy?—will no other
With an offering more tempting entice?
Oh thou, whom he'd take for his mother,
Wilt *thou* buy him at Venus's price?

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY, on wanton wing
Round and round inconstant roving,
Tasting all the sweets of Spring,
Ever changing, ever loving—
Little epicure in bliss,
Still thou bear'st, from flower to flower,
Brightest smile or sweetest kiss,
As the trophy of thy power.
Who would spurn so rich a trophy?
Who such pleasures could decry?
Had I never met my Sophy
I'd have been a Butterfly.

FORGET ME NOT.

“FORGET me not, although we part—
 To think thou wert untrue
 Would break the fond, confiding heart,
 Which only beats for you.”

“Oh let this dark, foreboding fear,
 This sorrow be dismissed;
 For see—lest I forget thee, dear,
 I’ve placed thee on my list.”

TO MY LYRE.

FROM thee, my Lyre, as one who bids adieu
 To some dear friend he ne'er again shall meet—
 Some friend, whose counsel kind and converse sweet
 Had shed a charm o'er moments as they flew,
 Which else had loitered on with leaden feet—
 From thee I part in sorrow. Thou, to me,
 Didst oft, in wo, thy soothing influence lend;
 Amid the wilds thou wast society,
 Among the faithless thou wast still a friend.
 But the world calls me from thee, and we part,
 And to another's touch thy chords must swell;
 No more their tones shall vibrate through my heart,
 No more my ear must listen to their spell;
 Farewell, beloved Lyre—till brighter hours, farewell!

R E M N A N T S.

REMNANTS.

I TOOK MY LUTE.

I TOOK my Lute, once more to sing
Those themes of love which still are dear ;
I took my Lute, but every string
Was glistening with a tear.

For oh, I thought of other days,
When one, who must not hear again
The song my simple chords might raise,
Had listened to that strain.

And wildly then I sought to wake
The silence of my slumbering Lute,
And forced my trembling lips to break
The spell which held them mute :

But the light spirit of those chords
I found, too soon, had died away ;
And Love's own pure and sparkling words
Were changed to Sorrow's lay.

As if my Lute but knew too well
How much that loved one had deceived ;
As if my lips refused to tell
What SHE no more believed.

As if they both had deemed it wrong
That other ears should hear a tone,
A word of that impassioned song,
They breathed for hers alone.

WHY DOTH THE BULBUL.

WHY doth the Bulbul to the rose
Repeat his nightly lay,
Yet cease at morn? Because he knows
Thou'dst shame his melody.

Why do those bright seraphic eyes
That round us nightly shine,
Retire when morning bids thee rise?
Because they yield to thine.

I twined a wreath at matin hour,
And bound it in thy hair;
The dew was dripping from the flower
That blushed in beauty there:

But look—even now, ere close of day,
How pale the wreath I wove!
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love.

THE WARRIOR-CHIEF.

GOOD-BYE, my love, good-bye,
I dare no longer stay ;
The tear is starting in my eye,
And sorrow must have way.
And yet no tear should flow,
Though sadly thus we part ;
I would not have another know
The weakness of my heart.

When the Paynim foe is driven
Before our Christian band,
And we've reared again the Cross of Heaven
Within the Holy-Land ;
Oh, then to thee and bliss
Thy Chief will homeward hie,
And that hour shall heal the pangs of this—
My Isabel, good-bye.

The Warrior-Chief is gone
 To the plains of Palestine,
 And his Lady-Love is left alone
 In her distant bower to pine.
 And years rolled on, long years
 Of suffering and grief;
 Of cherished hopes and maddening fears
 For him, her Warrior-Chief.

From morn till night she gazed,
 His coming sail to mark;
 From night till morn her watch-fire blazed
 To guide his welcome bark.
 But still no tidings came
 Of him she loved so well—
 How could he in the field of Fame
 Forget his Isabel!

More pallid grew her cheek,
 Her eye became more dim;
 Her heart was broke, so purely meek,
 And all for love of him.
 He came at last, but Death
 Had claimed the mastery;
 He only caught her parting breath—
 Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

OH, DO NOT BRUSH THE TEARS AWAY.

OH, do not brush the tears away
Which thus at meeting rise ;
But let them tremble while they may,
And glitter in thine eyes.
And I will think the drops that wet
Those lids, are drops of dew,
And each sweet orb a violet,
So softly shining through.

More dear than smiles such tears to me,
And yet I could not bear
That even these, though sweet they be,
Too long should linger there.
They look so like the drops of pain
I cannot ask their stay ;
But thus—and thus—and thus again—
I kiss them all away.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS.

WHERE are the flowers, the blooming flowers
 That filled with fragrance our summer bowers;
 And where are the birds that on tuneful wing
 Round those summer bowers were fluttering?
 The flowers lie withered upon their stem,
 And the song of the birds expired with them.

Where are the friends of our early years,
 Companions alike in their smiles and tears;
 And where is the one loved, faithful breast,
 Truer and dearer than all the rest?
 Our youth, like the summer, is gone, and they
 Like the birds and the flowers have passed away.

Yet not like them—for again in Spring
 The flowers will bloom, and the birds will sing;
 But where is the power that can restore
 The friends of our youth, whom we valued more
 Than the bloom of the flowers, or the birds' soft strain?
 Oh, who can bring us those friends again!

WHEN I LOOK ON THAT BEAUTIFUL CHEEK.

WHEN I look on that beautiful cheek,
 Which an Anchorite's bosom might move ;
 And that eye through whose dark lashes break
 The soft, chastened sunbeams of love :
 Can I deem that the spirit within
 Riots wildly and wantonly there ?
 Can I think that the worship of sin
 Hath polluted a temple so fair ?

Oh no, they must slander thy name,
 Who say that thy heart is untrue ;
 That thy love's like the vapour-lamp's flame,
 As impure and as wandering too.
 Oh no—the warm blushes which dye
 That cheek, ne'er to falsehood were given ;
 And the light which illumines that eye
 Must be light which is borrowed from Heaven.

LOVE'S EMBLEM.

'Tis said Love's emblem is the rose
Which blooms so fair at morn,
But withers away ere evening's close
And leaves behind its thorn.

Believe it not—'mid winter's snow
The laurel rears its head,
Its leaf as fresh as in Summer's glow
Though all around be dead ;

In this, in this the emblem sure
Of heart-felt Love is seen ;
As the virgin snow of heaven pure,
As the laurel ever green.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

As I lay on my bed t'other night I idealized
 Thus to myself in a whimsical mood ;
 Wishes are vain when they cannot be realized,
 That which is evil will seldom prove good.
 What is impossible, though it be plausible,
 Never can happen, as sages agree ;
 Then let us be merry all until our burial,
 Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

What are the Muses and all those Divinities,
 Hyads and Dryads, but humbugs or tools ?
 The Fates and the Furies are quizzical Trinities,
 Pan and Pandora a couple of fools.
 Even Jupiter Ammon is nothing but gammon,
 And Juno, his wife, little better than he ;
 So let us be merry all until our burial,
 Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

In the days of our Fathers—it warms one to think of it—

Topers fared better than now by long odds ;
For they'd Nectar, as much as they ever could drink of it,

Nectar distilled from the grape of the Gods.

But who, in this era, would spurn at Madeira,

Because no receipt for such liquor have we !

Oh, let us be merry all until our burial,

Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

Such were the wise cogitations with which I,

'Twixt sleeping and waking, exerted my brain ;

And even to this hour, had the skies remained pitchy,

I might have continued the sensible strain.

But morning, then beaming, dispelled all my dreaming,

And I sprang from my couch, most determined to be

Funny and merry all until my burial,

Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

FILL TO THE BRIM.

FILL to the brim, for this bowl so bright
Was meant as a balm to sorrow ;
To-morrow may lower if it will, but, to-night,
We'll think not of to-morrow.

Few and brief are the summer flowers
With which old Time supplies us ;
Then let us enjoy their bloom while ours,
Nor murmur at what he denies us.

So fill to the brim—from this bowl so bright
Its cheering influence borrow ;
To-morrow may lower as it will, but, to-night,
We care not for to-morrow.

The languishing plant will droop its head
When the sun shines fiercely o'er it ;
But soon as the dews of eve are shed,
Oh, look how their drops restore it !

And thus it is with the drooping soul—
Affliction may dim its brightness ;
But the drops which are shed from a sparkling bowl
Can restore all its former lightness.

So fill to the brim, for this bowl so bright
Was meant as a balm to sorrow ;
To-morrow may lower if it will, but, to-night,
What care we for to-morrow !

FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, farewell—'tis more than time to part,
All false, and yet all lovely as thou art ;
When peace and hope have fled the troubled breast,
Where shall the weary spirit turn to rest !

There was a time when every look was dear,
And every word was music to mine ear ;
Nor thought I then that I should e'er awaken
From dreams so sweet, to find myself forsaken.

Yet still thy mouth is circled by its smiles,
As if no heart had bled beneath their guiles ;
And still thy cheek is fair, and bright thine eye,
As if no breast had felt their perfidy.

So ocean's billows, when their rage is o'er
And the whelmed bark has sunk to rise no more,
Sport in their dimples round the fatal spot,
And smile above the ruin they have wrought.

Farewell, farewell—I meant not thus to blame ;
Nor, from this moment, ever shall thy name
Escape my lips, save in my prayers to Heaven,
And then to ask that thou mayst be forgiven.

To pray that never may thy bosom feel,
As mine does now, the pangs no time can heal ;
But that the current of thy days may be
Tranquil as mine was, ere disturbed by thee.

WOMAN.

WOMAN, thy chains, for a day,
 Promise us lots of joy ;
 But the gilding soon wears away,
 And leaves behind the alloy.
 Thou compound of glee and strife,
 Nonsense, wit, and oddity ;
 Pest and comfort of life—
 Oh, what a queer commodity !

He that would stoop to merit
 Thy favour's scanty pittance,
 Poor as it is, must share it
 With Monkeys, Parrots, and Kittens :
 But he that would rank as wise,
 Should laugh at sighs, smiles, and tears ;
 When you ogle, should close his eyes,
 When you flatter, should stop his ears.

For the smile, so brightly beaming,
 Is transient, alas, as the sigh ;
 And the tear, so purely streaming,
 But wets the cheek, and is dry :
 And the flattery, though so itching,
 Is much too free for jealousy ;
 And the ogling glance, so witching,
 Every one shares as well as he.

Yet cold were our hearts, if those sighs
 And those tears could fail to win them ;
 And who could resist those eyes
 When the light of love is in them !
 Not I—who, I blush to say,
 Like a fool have still bowed before you ;
 And, though cursing you every day,
 Have ne'er ceased all the time to adore you.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH A PORTRAIT.

SWEET Portrait, thus with powerful art revealing
 Those features which I never can forget,
 I gaze upon thee with a mingled feeling
 Of pain and pleasure, rapture and regret.
 Methinks I see that form again before me,
 As when I saw it first in beauty's prime ;
 And boyhood's dreams come rushing warmly o'er me,
 And thoughts that had but slumbered for a time.

Those ringlets, straying in their auburn brightness
 Around thy brow, and those sweet smiles, whose glow
 Shed a soft radiance o'er that forehead's whiteness,
 Like morning's blush upon a wreath of snow :
 Those lips, whose every tone was mirth and gladness,
 Whose every word was pure as Vestal's vow ;
 Those eyes, unclouded then by care or sadness—
 Methinks I see them all before me now.

Alas, that brow by sorrow has been shaded,
Those auburn ringlets changed to locks of grey ;
The rose that bloomed upon that cheek has faded,
And all the smiles of youth have passed away.
But what though Time those beauties has been stealing—
In thee, sweet Portrait, I behold them yet ;
And gaze upon thee with a mingled feeling
Of pain and pleasure, rapture and regret.

OH, WELL I REMEMBER THE HOUR.

OH, well I remember the hour
When first, in the freshness of youth,
We met in that eglantine bower,
And pledged to each other our truth.
When our eyes spoke such eloquent things,
And we felt such a glow through our frame;
While Love, in delight, shook his wings
O'er our hearts till they burst into flame.

We parted, and parted in tears—
But the flame which that urchin had nurst,
Was burning through long after-years,
As bright and as warm as at first :
Till age shed its snows on my head,
And my thoughts to new objects could turn ;
And my heart grew so cold and so dead,
That I wondered it ever could burn.

But now that we meet as of yore,
And thine eyes their old lustre impart,
I feel little Love, as before,
Rekindle his flame in my heart.
And if of that fire, once so bright,
But a spark in thy bosom remain,
May he flutter his pinions of light,
And wake up the embers again !

THOU WAST NOT THERE.

I stood within a brilliant hall,
 Among the young and gay ;
 And joyous was the festival,
 And loud the revelry.
 Why was my spirit dark and dull,
 Where all seemed free from care ?
 Why was my heart so sorrowful ?—
 Thou wast not there.

Another sang that simple song
 I oft had heard from thee ;
 And merry voices, 'mid the throng,
 Recalled thy notes of glee.
 I could not listen to that strain,
 That mirth I could not share ;
 The song, the glee alike were vain—
 Thou wast not there.

Around me flitted many a form,
 In graceful movement light ;
 Their cheeks with youth's pure blushes warm,
 Their eyes with rapture bright.
 I thought of one as light as they,
 As exquisitely fair ;
 And turned in bitterness away—
 Thou wast not there.

Can splendour, to the aching heart,
 For distant friends atone ?
 Can pleasure charm us, when we part
 From those we loved alone ?
 Oh no—the humblest cot on earth
 With thee I'd rather share,
 Than dwell in courts, if, 'mid their mirth,
 Thou wast not there.

UNIVERSAL LOVE SONG.

"J'AIMERAIS TOUT LE MONDE."

SOME love the flashing eye of jet,
 And some the languishing orb of blue ;
 Some choose the Blonde and some the Brunette,
 Some are for old loves and some for new.
 But black or blue, or old or new,
 Dark or fair, I can love every soul of them ;
 Foolish and wise, of every size,
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

Some but those passive souls admire
 Who, simpering, never can say you nay ;
 While some prefer those spirits of fire
 Who spurn at whatever you do or say.
 To me is sweet whichever I meet,
 The haughty pride, or the rigmarole of them ;
 Wild or tame, it is all the same,
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

Some cannot fancy a flaming head,
 Some cannot relish a grizzly pate ;
 And some hold in dread a nose of red,
 Or a stocking of blue abominate.
 But, by hook or by crook, still I find some nook
 In which to cram dozens, cheek by jole, of them ;
 None I deny, but ever cry
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

Ye who are pestered with scolding Wives,
 Gadding Daughters, or flirting Nieces ;
 Ye who are worried out of your lives
 With Sisters' whims, or Cousins' caprices :
 Lame or blind, crabbed or kind,
 Pouting, flouting—call o'er the roll of them—
 Send them to me, wherever they be,
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

WE MET.

WE met—but oh, how cold, the while,
 Was every transient glance she threw !
 How much unlike the happy smile
 That welcomed me when love was new !
 And yet I could not deem untrue
 That heart, once free from every guile;
 But thought she laboured to subdue
 Each fond regard with Woman's wile.

But now we part without a tear,
 How much unlike our last farewell !
 And all that I have held so dear
 Has left me in despair to dwell.
 Her love was round me like a spell,
 'Twas joy alone while she was near ;
 Oh, who the bitter grief can tell
 Of hearts, like mine, thus lone and drear !

It was not thus we should have met,

It is not thus that we should part;
Has absence taught her to forget?

Has pride estranged her wayward heart?
Or was she still a thing of art,

Whose loss 'twere folly to regret?
It matters not—those tears that start
But tell how much I love her yet.

THE BEAUTIFUL STAR.

I'm in love, I'm in love with no child of the earth,
 I'm in love with a maiden of heavenly birth;
 With one of those sweet little Peris, whose eye
 Shines forth, like a gem, from the depths of the sky.
 Never tell me of Woman—the Daughters of Eve
 But warble to wreck us, but smile to deceive;
 More true is my Mistress, more brilliant by far—
 I'm in love, I'm in love with a Beautiful Star.

When the eye of the world is sealed up in repose,
 And the wretch, for a time, has forgotten his woes;
 When hushed is the rancorous tongue that might rail
 At our innocent vigils, and blazon the tale:
 She steals through the gloom, upon tiptoe so light
 That she leaves not a trace on the cold dew of night,
 And, robed in a silvery cloud, her cymar,
 She peeps in at my window, my Beautiful Star.

Then we roam forth together by valley and mount,
And so calmly she listens, the while I recount
All the doubts, and the hopes, and the fears of my heart,
Until morning, in envy, commands us to part.
Oh, sweet is the smile which she throws round me then,
As if she would whisper we soon meet again ;
While, trembling, she flies through the ether afar,
And melts into heaven, my Beautiful Star.

Still, still may she gladden my breast with that ray
Which can chase even sorrows, like mine, far away ;
Still, still let me look on those smiles as my own,
And I'll envy not Monarchs their cares and their throne.
Oh, give me a cot in some wild, secret glen,
Apart from the strife and the tumults of men ;
Where, with nothing of earth my devotion to mar,
I may worship for ever my Beautiful Star !

OH, LOVE, LIKE THE SUN, CAN BRIGHTEN.

Oh, Love, like the sun, can brighten
Whatever he shines upon ;
Our present joys he can heighten,
And bring back those that were gone.
Whatever is fairest and sweetest,
'Tis Love makes it sweet and fair ;
Whatever of bliss thou meetest,
'Tis bliss, because Love is there.
Oh, Love is a sun that brightens
Whatever he shines upon ;
The joys of the present he heightens,
And brings back those that were gone.

The flower on its stem reposes,
Unknown or unnoticed its bloom,
Till Zephyr its sweets discloses,
And wafts all around its perfume.
And Pleasure may bloom like the flower,
But we know not its sweetness and worth,
Till Love wakes it up with his power,
And draws all its fragrancy forth.
Oh, Love, like the sun, can brighten
Whatever he shines upon ;
And long may his beams enlighten
Thy path, as they now have done !

WHEN LAST I SAW THEE.

WHEN last I saw thee, ne'er again
I thought to taste a joy so sweet;
In tears of bliss we parted then,
And now in tears of bliss we meet.
But though so sweet was every tear
That fell upon my parting track,
I feel that those are doubly dear
Which bid me welcome back.

The smiles on Beauty's cheek that play
Too oft but gild its surface o'er;
Like beams that o'er a glacier stray,
Then leave it cold as 'twas before.
But tears, like these, a language speak
Truer than lover's warmest vow;
May sadder drops ne'er wet thy cheek
Than those which trickle now!

YOUTH.

IN Youth, dear Youth, through bowers of bliss
I roved, with spirits that now are gone ;
And my love's sweet smile or her sweeter kiss
Was all the heaven I thought upon.
Unfelt, unheeded, my hours flew by ;
For Time, while he sped like an arrow of light,
So muffled his wings, that no passing sigh
Escaped from their plumage to mark his flight.

Those bowers only bloomed in my Youth's short spring,
The smile and the kiss were too sweet to last ;
And now every flap of Time's heavy wing
Sounds the knell of some pleasure for ever past.
Oh Youth, though the sun which illumed thee has set,
Though thy blossoming hopes have long ceased to live,
More precious dear is thy memory yet,
Than all that this bleak world has left to give.

OH, HAD I A THOUSAND EYES.

OH, had I a thousand eyes, dear,
On thee they should all be turned ;
And no other orbs, though bright their ray,
Should tempt for a moment my gaze away,
While thine before me burned, dear,
While thine before me burned.

And had I a thousand tongues, dear,
They all should speak thy praise ;
Each prayer they uttered should breathe of thee,
And of none but thee, and thy name should be
The burthen of all their lays, dear,
The burthen of all their lays.

Oh, had I a thousand ears, dear,
They should listen to thee alone ;
Though sweetest voices were warbling near
Their sweetest strains, I should only hear
The soft notes of thine own, dear,
The soft notes of thine own.

And had I a thousand hearts, dear,
They should every one be thine ;
For I'd do with them all as I have done,
In the temple of Love, with my present one—
I'd offer them at thy shrine, dear,
I'd offer them at thy shrine.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

When thou art near,
One smile of thine, one sunny ray
Can chase the clouds that linger here ;
Like morning mists they melt away
When thou art near.

When thou art near,
The birds their softest notes resume,
The streamlet flows more purely clear ;
The flowers put forth their richest bloom
When thou art near.

When thou art near,
My lute—whose chords, if touched alone,
Breathe saddest music to my ear—
How grateful is its altered tone
When thou art near !

When thou art near,
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,
The brightest hopes more bright appear ;
And life is all one happy dream
When thou art near.

IS IT SO.

They have told me that thou art
Not what thine own lips have told,
But a fickle thing, whose heart
Is as vain as it is cold.
They have told me that, in turn,
Pride and Envy rule thy breast ;
That, to-morrow, thou wilt spurn
What, to-day, thou covetest.
Tell me, Lady, yes or no,
Tell me truly, is it so ?

They have said those eyes of thine,
Which so fondly beam on me,
Would with equal fondness shine
Were my rival near to thee :

That those cheeks, thus overspread
 With their blushes when we meet,
 Would assume as deep a red
 Were another at thy feet.
 Tell me truly, yes or no,
 Tell me, Lady, is it so?

They have sworn that placid smile
 Is but meant to lead astray;
 That those lips are lips of guile,
 And that brow is false as they.
 That thou now couldst bid farewell
 Without pain, without regret;
 Such, alas, the tales they tell—
 Not that I believe them—yet
 Answer, Lady, yes or no,
 Answer truly, is it so?

THE POET TO HIS MISTRESS,

IN OLD AGE.

WHEN I look on sparkling eyes
Bright as those which gem the skies,
Memory still recalls the hour
Ere thine own had lost their power ;
And, though dim they now may be,
Thine are far more dear to me.

When I gaze on cheeks that glow
Like young flowers on beds of snow,
Memory still recalls the day
When thine own were fresh as they :
And, though faded now they be,
Thine are far more dear to me.

When I list to strains that float
Softly as some Angel's note,
Memory still recalls the time
When thine own could sweetly chime ;
And, though tuneless now they be,
Thine are far more dear to me.

On thy cheek is sorrow's blight,
Care hath quenched thine orbs of light,
Age unstrung thy tuneful voice,
Yet I glory in my choice :
Though thy charms departed be,
Thou art but more dear to me.

THE DREAM.

I HAD a passing dream of bliss,
A dream of bliss and THOU the theme;
'Tis sad to wake from joy like this,
To find it but a dream.

Methought, as on my couch I lay,
And, touched with penitence, reviewed
Life's precious moments sped away,
Youth's passions unsubdued;

Thou stoodst before me, and the light
Of happier hours around me beamed;
And all appeared so true and bright
I knew not that I dreamed.

And, like a Spirit from the Throne
 Of Mercy, bending o'er my rest,
 Thou prayedst that I might yet atone
 For errors, and be blest :

That Youth's wild passions all forgot,
 Or but remembered with regret,
 Some gentle Star might gild my lot,
 And guide to Glory yet.

And when I strove to speak thy name
 With love and reverence, a ray—
 The first faint tinge of morning—came
 And chased my dream away.

Oh, how I loathe the morn, whose beams
 Scattered those visions of the brain,
 And long for night !—for then, in dreams,
 Perchance we'll meet again.

THEY ARE ALL, THEY ARE ALL
DEPARTED.

They are all, they are all departed,
One by one they've dropped away,
The friends with whom I started
In youth's unclouded day.
The true, the tender-hearted,
The gallant and the gay,
They are all, they are all departed,
One by one they've dropped away.

In vain my ear is straining
For each well-remembered tone;
My joy has turned to paining,
My early hopes have flown.
The goal of life I'm gaining,
A pilgrim and alone;
And my ear in vain is straining
For each well-remembered tone.

I would not wish to linger
 When all I loved are gone ;
My spirit pants to wing her
 Glad flight to them anon.
There needs no goading finger
 Of Fate, to urge me on ;
For I would not wish to linger
 When all I loved are gone.

THE BENEDICK'S LAMENT.

What fools we are to marry,
 If we only knew our good !
 'Twere better far to tarry
 In ease and solitude.
 If comfort 'tis we're seeking for,
 We meet, alas, with none ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

My friends can journey to and fro,
 Where'er it pleaseth them ;
 And some have sought Fernando Po,
 And some Jerusalem.
 And some are off to Labrador,
 To Chili some are gone ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

My Wife delights to scold me,
 Until I'm quite unnerved;
 And single folk have told me
 'Tis just what I deserved.
 I should have chosen better, or
 Have done as they have done;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one!

I cannot ask a soul to dine
 But Madam must look gruff;
 I cannot drink my pint of wine
 But she cries "*Hold, enough.*"
 She's still a teasing monitor,
 An everlasting Dun;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one!

I hate to swallow Twanky,
 And gossip, tête à tête;
 For Chess I would not thank ye,
 And Put I deprecate.
 A squalling Infant I abhor,
 A grumbling Spouse would shun;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one!

Yet what's the use of whining thus?

Let sorrow be forgot;

I might kick up a pretty fuss,

But would it mend my lot?

No, no—I'm fettered to the oar,

Howe'er the stream may run;

And a Bachelor, a Bachelor,

I never can be one.

I AM NO LONGER YOUNG, DEAR.

SOME five and twenty years ago,
 What trouble Woman cost me !
 My breast would like a furnace glow
 If but her shadow crossed me.
 My hand would tingle to her touch,
 As if by bees 'twere stung, dear ;
 But things have varied very much—
 I am no longer young, dear.

My eyes from out their sockets glared,
 To catch each glimpse of Beauty ;
 My lips, whene'er to speak they dared,
 Breathed only vows of duty.
 My ears sucked in each honied word
 That trickled from her tongue, dear ;
 But now all this appears absurd—
 I am no longer young, dear.

Of her I dreamed the livelong day,
 On her by night I pondered ;
 Even when at church I sought to pray,
 To her my fancy wandered.
 For her alone my Muse would sing,
 And gaily has she sung, dear ;
 But now 'tis quite a different thing—
 I am no longer young, dear.

My cheek is pale, my pulse is low,
 My limbs begin to falter ;
 My sight is dim, my health so, so—
 How constitutions alter !
 My mind has lost its wonted tone,
 My nerves are all unstrung, dear ;
 And something, every hour, makes known
 I am no longer young, dear.

'Tis strange, in sooth 'tis passing strange,
 That Time, upon us stealing,
 Should work so wonderful a change
 In every thought and feeling.
 Why kneel I not, where once I knelt,
 Love's votaries among, dear ?
 Why feel I not as once I felt ?
 I am no longer young, dear.

And yet even now—to tell the truth—
When all is gloom around me,
Will sometimes gleam a flash of youth,
To shew what once it found me.
And then I turn me to the glass ;
And then, by anguish rung, dear,
I'm forced to own—alas, alas—
I am no longer young, dear.

HERE, THEN, WE PART FOR EVER.

HERE, then, we part for ever ;
 Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
 To win one smile from thee.
Few eyes may shine so bright as thine,
 Few brows may be so fair ;
But nor eye nor brow can move me now,
 For truth is wanting there.
Here, then, we part for ever--
 Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
 To win one smile from thee.

The rose, when it is blighted,
Lies withering from that hour;
And the fond heart, when slighted,
Will wither like the flower.
No after sun that beams upon
That rose, can bloom impart;
No after love can e'er remove
The canker from that heart.
Here, then, we part for ever—
Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one smile from thee.

WHAT'S MY HEART.

My Heart's a sort of riddle, which,
How thick soe'er you strew it
With Love's light grain, but needs a twitch,
And all runs briskly through it.

My Heart's a target formed of wax,
Love's dullest shaft can score it ;
But still the last fills up the tracks
Of that which went before it.

'Tis like Love's own tough bow, my Heart—
His slightest touch may make it
Relax a while, but all his art
Can ne'er suffice to break it.

HOW I LAUGH.

How I laugh, when Woman sings
 "Man but woos us to betray" !
 Cease your foolish murmurings—
 Can it be a sin to stray ?
 Why was Cupid blest with wings,
 If 'twere not to fly away ?

Ever prompt at Pleasure's call,
 If we're fickle who can blame ;
 Still to dwell in constant thrall
 Even the proudest heart would tame :
 Better never love at all,
 Than for ever love the same.

Vain and trifling every one,
 Woman flies if you pursue ;
 But if once you seek to shun,
 Then, in turn, she follows you.
 Win, but leave her soon as won—
 Love is only sweet while new.

MY WILD DAYS ARE OVER.

My wild days are over
Of frolic and joy ;
I'm no longer a rover,
A sensitive boy.
The fires that once maddened
My pulses, are dead ;
And the pleasures which gladdened,
Now tire me instead.
Oh, my wild days are over
Of frolic and joy ;
I'm no longer a rover,
A sensitive boy.

I'm an altered, a new man,
 A creature reborn ;
 Though the slave long of Woman,
 Her charms I can scorn.
 All compact between us
 As folly I treat ;
 I could gaze upon Venus,
 Nor kneel at her feet.
 Oh, my wild days are over
 Of frolic and joy ;
 I'm no longer a rover,
 A sensitive boy.

In vain Love's view-holla
 Around me may sweep ;
 I care not to follow,
 I look ere I leap.
 Hark-forward ! tantivy !
 Let others pursue ;
 But to all the gay bevy
 I bid an adieu.
 Oh, my wild days are over
 Of frolic and joy ;
 I'm no longer a rover,
 A sensitive boy.

OH, PITY MY LOT.

Oh, pity my lot, untimely born
In an age so dull as this is !
Instead of honour, repaid with scorn ;
Instead of applause, with hisses !

If I dare against Folly to wield my pen,
However just the tirade is,
I'm hooted by all the Gentlemen,
And snubbed by all the Ladies.

If Envy and Hatred I expose,
Or to Malice preach repentance,
The Gentlemen threaten to pull my nose,
The Ladies to cut my acquaintance.

From the surly mood of a world so rude
Who would not fly that could do so !
Who would not prefer the solitude
Of the late Mr Robinson Crusoe !

ODE TO WOMAN.

"TECUM VIVERE AMEM, TECUM OBEAM LIBENS."

OH Thou—Heaven's gift, last, dearest, best—
To whom my vows have been addressed
From youth to manhood's hour,
Why shouldst thou think if, for a time,
I've played the truant in my rhyme,
That I could mock thy power?

Why that my once-devoted heart,
Though wild, could act so base a part
As now to spurn aside
The allegiance it had fondly sworn,
The yoke which it had ever borne
With pleasure, and with pride?

Perhaps, when all is bright and fair,
 Too oft we may despise thy care
 And style thee light and vain ;
 But well we feel, when clouds deform
 Our skies, 'tis thou canst quell the storm,
 And bring us peace again.

'Tis thine a sacred charm to throw
 Alike around the high and low,
 The cottage and the throne ;
 To sooth our woes, or calm our fears,
 To share our joys, or mingle tears
 Of sorrow with our own.

The Soldier's cheering battle-word
 Amid the din of war is heard,
 Prompting to deeds of Fame ;
 What is that potent spell which stirs
 His spirit to the quick ?—'tis hers,
 'Tis Woman's magic name.

The Seaman, on the troubled deep,
 Tastes the delights of tranquil sleep,
 Though wild winds rave above ;

He heeds them not, but dreams, the while—
 Of what?—of Woman's gentle smile,
 And Woman's constant love.

And I—who, all unskilled to claim
 Aught that pertains to Poet's name,
 Have sometimes touched the lyre—
 Oh, I have ever purely thought
 On Woman's virtues, when I sought
 To wake poetic fire.

And who could mark those virtues bloom,
 Nor turn to thee, as one to whom
 His homage should be given!
 The beacon placed on peril's brink
 To guide him on his course, the link
 Uniting Earth with Heaven!

Then deem not, though my wayward Muse
 May often, in her pride, refuse
 To worship at thy shrine,
 Oh, deem not that my heart is free;
 In secret still I bend the knee,
 And own thy power divine.

I never murmured at thy will,
Which was my sovereign law, but still
 A ready service gave ;
And would I now unbind the chain ?
No—were I born again, again
 I should become thy SLAVE

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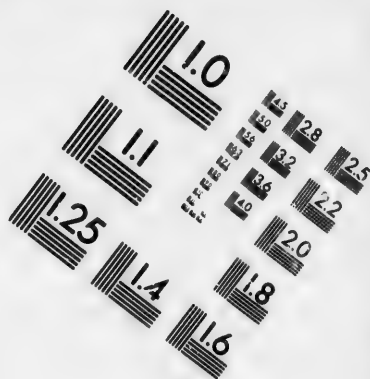
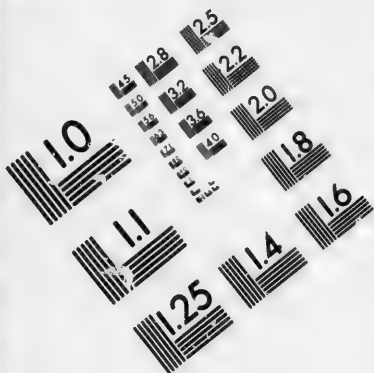
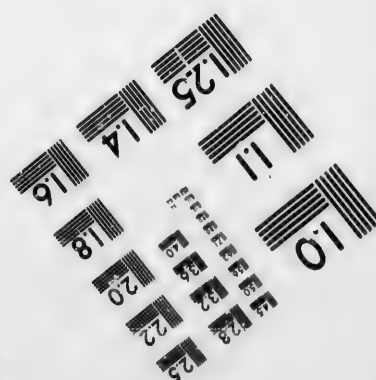
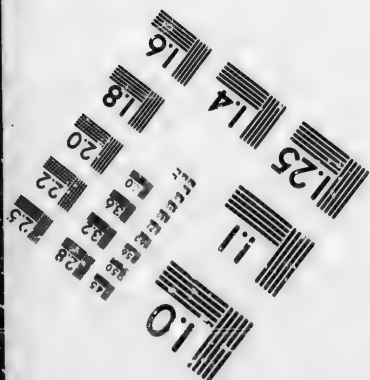
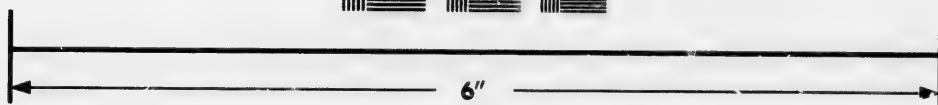
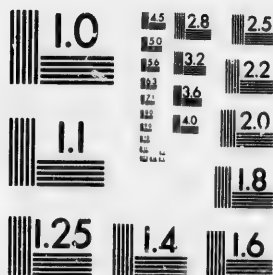


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